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We believe that the time is to come when Christians, both Unitarian and Trinitarian, will thank Dr. Furness for the good service he has done, for the noble work to which he has given himself, in his unwearied effort to express and impress upon others his feeling of the adaptation of the Gospel to the native wants of the human heart, its conformity to human reason, its accordance with true taste, and its sufficiency for the highest cravings of the spirit.

To borrow the beautiful words of Dr. Goulburn, in speaking of Christian charity, "The time shall come when these brothers, so dissimilar in training, so opposite in experience, so different possibly in some of the judgments which they have formed of God's ways, shall meet never to part again. 'The Lord said unto Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him.' So shall it be with true Christians, whose history, discipline, sentiments, have here taken a course which seems far enough asunder. A meeting and a greeting is reserved for all of them in the mount of God,—let them see to it, as Joseph said to his brethren, 'that they fall not out by the way.'"

We agree with one of our contemporaries, that the appearance of Dr. Furness's book is especially timely, following that of Renan's, and building up out of the same materials what the French sceptic labors to destroy. And we rejoice to see that thus far reviewers of sects and schools differing widely from him in opinion show such a truly evangelic sympathy in Dr. Furness's labors to reproduce and represent to his fellow-men the man Christ Jesus, as the one whose humanity proves his divinity, and who is so fine an image of God, because he is so perfect a specimen of man.

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3.—*Gesammelte Werke von JAKOB PHILIPP FALLMERAYER, herausgegeben von GEORG MARTIN THOMAS.* Leipzig : Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. 1861. 3 vols.

JAKOB PHILIPP FALLMERAYER was born on the 10th of December, 1790,—the son of a peasant in the Tyrol; he died on the 26th of April, 1861, one of the leading writers of Germany. A scholar, indefatigable in research,—a thinker, bold in forming and vigorous in expressing his opinions,—there is no position he might not have won had he chosen the popular side and flattered the general prejudice. But too honest to sacrifice his convictions to his interest, he submitted to the loss of the honors he could afford to despise, while he satirized the persecutions he had the courage to brave. To us, so far away from the

contentions of the land he loved,—untouched by its passions, unaffected by its fears,—the man and his history are of little interest by the side of the colossal question he gave his life to investigate. Yet a word as to his personal career will not be without use, if it serve to make clearer the authority of his writings.

At an early age he attracted the notice of some observing ecclesiastics, who endeavored to save him for the future good of the Church by putting him into the Cathedral school at Brixen. But weary of the restraints of the cloister he took advantage of the revolt of the Tyrolese, in 1809, to escape to Salzburg, where he taught private pupils, and studied Hebrew. After two years of intense application to theology he went to the University of Bavaria, then at Landshut, to study law. But his supreme calling was, as he soon discovered, to history and languages,—to that profounder criticism of our day which is re-writing history by the aid of philology, which is revolutionizing literature by the aid of history. His early experience set him forever against the ecclesiastical life, with its narrowness and bigotry and tyranny; but, as in all the deep thinkers of the time, there was in Fallmerayer a profound reverence for the genius of Christianity, uncorrupted by the perversions, undefiled by the abuses, of a later age. As a French writer has well said, there was in him, on the one side, a spirit of bitter defiance to the exterior organization of the Church, and on the other, that moral force, that religious elevation, that luminous and tender spirituality, which Christianity never fails to inspire in a soul so loyal to the truth it unfolds. But to a mind so active and so ardent as Fallmerayer's, the tumult of the times soon forbade the seclusion of study. After the great battles in 1813, and the accession of Austria to the coalition against Napoleon, Bavaria was compelled to side with Germany in those final struggles in which she threw off the domination of France. And Fallmerayer, being a Bavarian, entered the army as a lieutenant. At Hanau he fought so well that his bravery was commended in presence of the army. At Brienne, at Bar, at Arcis sur Aube, he showed again how the good scholar makes the good soldier. After the first treaty of Paris he served with the army of occupation on the left bank of the Rhine; and when the war again broke out, he was appointed on the staff of his general. But his corps was not called into action, and, after the final treaty of peace, went into garrison at Lindau on the Lake of Constance, where he devoted his leisure to languages,—to Modern Greek, Turkish, and Persian. In 1818 he left the army and became a teacher in the Gymnasium at Augsburg, whence he was transferred to that at Landshut, and was afterwards made a Professor of History in the Lyceum there. In 1831 he accompanied

the Russian statesman, Count Ostermann-Tolstoi, in a journey to the East, which lasted three years; in the course of which they visited Egypt and Syria, Cyprus and Rhodes and the islands and coasts of the *Ægean*, the Peloponnesus, and Constantinople. Upon his return to Bavaria, as the reward of his liberal opinions, he found his professorship gone, and himself in painful uncertainty as to the future. In 1835, however, he was made a member of the Academy of Sciences in Munich, and in 1837 again began his wanderings, living at times in Italy and Switzerland, in Paris and Geneva. In 1840 he went again to the East,—down the Danube to Constantinople and Trebizond. After a year spent in Constantinople, devoted to the study of Turkish, and further travel in the East of Europe, he returned in 1842 to Munich. From 1843 to 1847 he travelled in Italy and Austria and the Rhine country, and in 1847 went for the third time to the East,—to Palestine, where he first heard the distant rolling of the thunder in the West. In the spring of 1848 he received in Smyrna the notice of his appointment as Professor of History in the High School at Munich, and he turned his face for the last time homeward. Chosen at once a member of the National Assembly at Frankfort, he sided with the people; but neither a doctrinaire nor a diplomate, he displeased both extremes. Though he voted against the adjournment to Stuttgart, he followed his friends thither, to see them scattered like a noisy mob by the cavalry of Wurtemberg, and the Parliament of 1848—the last peaceful attempt, after more than four hundred years of struggle between freedom and despotism, to reconcile the princes and the people under a constitution which should assure the rights it recognized—vanish like a phantom from the world it had haunted. As in Italy, devotion to the nation became treason to the state. Deprived of his professorship, and banished from Bavaria, he took refuge in Switzerland; but in 1850, after the granting of an amnesty to the leaders of the Rump Parliament, he returned to Munich, with the intention of exchanging forever the fevered activity of Germany for the gracious repose of the East. But his health and other circumstances preventing, he continued to live in Munich till, in April, 1861, in the night, suddenly, the earthly slumber was deepened and lost in the eternal rest.

In the year 1185 the family of Comnenus were driven from the throne of Constantinople by a terrible revolution, provoked by the savage cruelty of Andronicus, the reigning sovereign. In 1204, however, his son, Alexios, took possession of Trebizond as head of the empire of which that city was made the capital. But for nearly three centuries nothing was known of its history. Ducange, two centuries ago, had declared it to be covered with an impenetrable veil. Gibbon had

given it up for lost. In 1824 the Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen proposed it as the subject of a prize. With great industry, and with singular skill, by the aid of manuscripts discovered in Vienna and in the library of the Cardinal Bessarion at Venice, Fallmerayer restored to the world the annals of an empire, the wonders of which fill the songs of the Middle Age.

The History of the Peninsula of the Morea was the next work by which Fallmerayer excited the attention of the scholars whose enmity he provoked. The first part appeared in 1830, the second upon his return from the East, in 1837. It was the work in which he proclaimed his great heresy, that not a drop of the ancient Greek blood flows in the veins of the Modern Greeks. Upon this theory, however, we are not now to comment. The Slavic irruptions in the sixth and seventh centuries were unquestionably violent and destructive, but that they swept away the entire population of the Greeks of the Morea or of the islands, is very far from probable. The material revolution may have been in favor of the Slaves, but the intellectual supremacy remained with the Greeks. With marvellous tenacity, the Greek language and the Greek ideals survived the dilution of the Greek blood. The Slaves became Greeks. As a curious point of scholarship merely, we may wonder that Fallmerayer should have spent the last half of his life in defending, with so much passion, the theories he had advanced in the first half. But behind the learned controversy lay a political question. It was not to a dry dispute about a buried fact that Fallmerayer gave the exactest study, the profoundest meditation, of all the fiery energies of his soul, for so many years of a restless and crowded life, but to the most important problem of the nineteenth century,—the process of civilization in Eastern Europe, the destiny of the Oriental world. The two great elements in the development of European civilization have been the Roman and the German. In the eternal order of things, a third element, the Slavic, was now to come into play. In Russia and Prussia, in Austria and Turkey, were more than seventy millions of Slaves waiting for the signal to advance,—the insurgents of the Peloponnesus were but the *avant garde* of the Muscovites.

In spite of their moral abasement and their physical weakness, the Byzantine Greeks had cherished the traditions while they had inherited the wealth of that empire, which, upon the banks of the Bosphorus, had succeeded in the East, in long but feeble descent, to the dominion of Rome. They knew the value of the treasures they guarded. Heirs of the monuments and the palaces, the manuscripts and the art, which, within the walls of Constantinople, had escaped the desolation of Eu-

rope, they added to the remembrance of their intellectual eminence a consciousness, however confused, of the permanence of their nationality. The floods of fire with which the Franks swept from the face of the earth the sacred emblems of their ancient descent, and their national life, still surge in the hearts of the Greeks in their undying hatred of the West. All through the later history of the Greeks, Fallmerayer recognized but one expression of terror and wrath at the destruction wrought by the Franks in the taking of Constantinople in 1204. The yoke of the Turks, to which they succumbed in 1453, was easier to bear than the domination of the Latins. What the Ottoman invasion of the fifteenth century has been to Europe, the Frank invasion of the thirteenth was to the Greeks. Political servitude is less galling than ecclesiastical tyranny. The persecutions which were inflicted, with mingled derision and brutality, by the Western Christians upon the Eastern Church, inspired in the Greeks a profound horror of the Latin rule. "I would rather see the turban of Murad over the gate of St. Sophia," said the Greek archon Notaras, not long before the entrance of the Turks, "than the hat of a cardinal of Rome."

It was in 1827 when the Greeks were making their last desperate effort for the recovery of their political freedom, lost so many ages before,—for the maintenance of their intellectual inheritance, threatened by an obstinate, unyielding barbarism,—that Fallmerayer uttered these sentiments,—a scandal to Catholic Europe,—at once a satire upon its conceit and a defiance of its bigotry. These heroic Hellenes were to him but a confused horde of Slaves, masking the advance of the great enemy of Europe. Behind them, crouching like a tiger, was Russia, pitiless, irresistible. To weaken the Ottoman empire was to subvert Germany. "Destroy Constantinople, and damn up the Bosphorus," cried Fallmerayer to the statesmen of Europe, in the fever of his passion, many years before the war in the Crimea, "or the Cossacks will be upon you." There is nothing, indeed, in the history or the character of the Slavic nations more remarkable than this restless craving after the milder skies and the more fruitful lands of the provinces of Byzantium. From the fifth to the ninth, from the ninth to the thirteenth century, the stream of migration flowed southward, turbulent and obstinate. It tends to-day in the same direction. "No longer content with the birch-juice of the north, Gog craves the oranges of the South. The grapes of Kerasant taste sweeter to him than the whortleberries of Smolensk."

That he who rules in Constantinople is the master of the earth, has been since the foundation of the city the ineradicable conviction of men of every nation and every religion throughout the East. Allied in

faith and kindred in blood, the Slaves in their fond conceit already fancy themselves masters of a realm extending from Sparta to Tobolsk ; and their king, with his gilded palaces on the Moskwa and in Sebastopol, now builds another facing the rising sun on the heights of the Golden Horn. Let Russia once possess Constantinople, said Fallmerayer, and with it — the swift consequence of its victory — the “ Illyrian triangle ” from the Danube to Cape Mattapan, and it is master of the Old World. The future of Europe lies upon the Bosphorus. From the earliest days of which we have knowledge in the history of the human race down to these, it is perhaps the third time that a problem so momentous is given to men to solve. Islam is the representative of the reason. As the Sultan is not the Turkish monarchy, so the Sheich-ül-Islam is not Islam. Islam is not an organization, it is an impulse and a protest. Had the Christian Church of the fourth and fifth and sixth centuries blended with the spirituality of Athanasius the rationalism of Arius, Fallmerayer contended that Islam might never have appeared. The prophet of Mecca came as the avenger of religious freedom. But as Greece encountered and vanquished the Zoroastrian East, so Germany, in beating back the followers of Mohammed, saved to the world that absorbing and tender faith which the ruthless tyranny of reason would have destroyed forever.

In the ceaseless struggle of the age to apply the results of history to the problems of nations, no living writer perhaps has been more conspicuous than Fallmerayer. He was by no means a pessimist, but he recognized how slowly the good breaks through the bad ; how the iron law of necessity connects the present with the past. Earnest in his convictions, he was fervid in his style. In his descriptions of natural scenery there is an idyllic grace, a charm of sentiment, a beauty of language, so fascinating that you forget the scholar and forgive the sceptic. The stillness of the palm groves and the murmur of the streams, the fragrant air and the gorgeous sunset, the mystery of ruins and the luxury of life, — all the sadness and all the splendor of the East, — are nowhere rendered more vividly than in the *Fragments* which Fallmerayer wrote home to Europe as he wandered in Asia. In the schools of Northern Germany they can find no better example of style than his. Well might Abd-ül-Medschid, in silent reproach of Germany, decorate him with the brilliant order of Nischan-Iftchan.

The civilization of that great world which stretches from the Bosphorus to the Indus, — its social and intellectual life, its aspirations and its promise, — have been revealed to us but in part. What Herodotus was to the Greeks, Hammer-Purgstall may perhaps be said to be to us, the discoverer of that Oriental life which, as in the past, is also to have

its office in the unknown drama, in the mystery of the future. At present, however, there are but two forces which struggle for mastery in Europe,—Rome and Moscow. Unlike the dominion of Alexander, or Charlemagne, or Tamerlane, or Napoleon, the empire of Russia has never been dependent upon a single life. The Czar is not a person. Like the Pope, the Czar is an idea. But between Pope and Czar there is ever a third party intervening,—who shall say with what success in the end?—which, like the Litæ in Homer, shrivelled and squint-eyed, limps after the mighty of earth,—which, soft-footed as Ate, knowing neither remorse nor rest, sweeps over the heads of mortals from land to land, accomplishing ever the fate which pursues them that will withhold the rights of men,—that third party, it is the Chorus of the Eumenides,—it is Revolution.

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4.—*Field Tactics for Infantry: comprising the Battalion Movements, and Brigade Evolutions, useful in the Field, on the March, and in the Presence of the Enemy.* By BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM H. MORRIS, U. S. Vols., Late U. S. Second Infantry. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1864. 18mo. pp. 146.

TACTICS are not merely the drill, but the art of manœuvring troops in action, in the presence of the enemy; and include their formation in battalions, or battle array. Briefly, then, tactics consist in arranging troops in those orders or methods which enable them to use their arms with the greatest effect.

The first weapons invented by man to destroy his fellow-man were probably the club, the bow and arrow, the sling, the knife, and afterwards the sword. The art of war was yet in its infancy, and the rude combats of early days were fought without regard to military array or order, and decided rather by strength and courage than by skill. The nomadic tribes of Asia and Northern Africa were the first to use the horse in warfare. Their soldiers were mounted on fleet, hardy horses, and armed with the bow and sling. Hovering in clouds around an enemy, they endeavored to destroy him by flights of arrows and missiles, and to appall by apparently impetuous and fiery charges, without ever actually coming to blows. At this day, the Apaches and Camanches of New Mexico, and other nomadic tribes of Indians roaming over the vast plains between the Mississippi and the Pacific, armed with similar weapons, use precisely the same tactics.

Armed chariots, drawn by three or four horses, yoked side by side, and elephants with scythes to mow down the opposing ranks, were also